THE

LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FEBRUARY, 1818.

MRS. HENRY TIGHE.

ROM the number of authors who write for amusement. or aspire after posthumous fame, we have pleasure in selecting the names of those whose unobtrusive merit has attracted notice, and attained celebrity unlooked-for. When we consider the previous accomplishments, the consummate taste, and profound judgment, which are requisite to excel in chaste and classic poetry, it is a subject of pride and just exultation, that so many of our fair country-women have written this most difficult species of composition in the purest and most captivating style; and proves that intellectual excellence is not confined to sex. but is only too often obscured by want of proper cultivation. Among these chosen and favoured few, we rank the late Mrs. HENRY TIGHE, known to the world as the author of Psyche, or, The Legend of Love, with other poems, the wife of William Tighe, Esq. M. P. for Wicklow, whose seat is at Woodstock, in the county of Kilkenny, and who is the author of The Plants, a poem, in 8vo. published in 1808 and 1811, and Statistical Observations on the County of Kilkenny, made in 1800 and 1801. Mrs. Tighe had a

pleasing person, and a countenance that indicated melancholy and deep reflection; was amiable in her domestic relations; had a mind well stored with classic literature; and, with strong feelings and affections, expressed her thoughts and sentiments with the nicest discrimination, and a taste the most refined and delicate. Thus endued, it is to be regretted, that Mrs. Tighe should have fallen a victim to a lingering disease of six years at the premature age of thirty-seven, on the 24th of March, 1810, when there was so much to expect from her literary abilities; it is, however, pleasing to reflect, that, in her last moments, she overcame the fear of death, and quitted this transitory scene rejoicing in the hope of another and a better world.

For the subject of the first and principal poem, on which the author's reputation is founded, she has chosen the beautiful ancient allegory of Love and the Soul; and, to depict the purity and innocence of love, has adopted the stanza of Spenser, without using the obsolete words of that antiquated writer, as other writers have usually done. She acknowledges herself indebted to Apuleius for the outline of her tale, though the model is not closely copied, nor has she taken any thing from his imitators. Of the performance itself, which is introduced with a very modest preface, we cannot speak too highly; the versification is most graceful, easy, and flowing; the descriptions beautifully chaste and elegant; nor is it any flattery to say, that the poem may be classed with many of the most celebrated in this language.

A few copies of Psyche, or, The Legend of Love, were at first printed for the author's friends, who read it with delight, and recommended it to the public in these words—"Had the publication of her poems served only as the fleeting record of"her "destiny, and as a monument of private regret," they "would not have thought themselves justified in displaying them to the world; but when a writer, intimately acquainted with classical literature, and guided by a taste for real excellence, has delivered in polished lan-

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guage such sentiments as can tend only to encourage and improve the best sensations of the human heart, then it becomes a sort of duty in surviving friends no longer to withhold from the public such precious relics." This opinion has been confirmed by public approbation; and the poem is now generally read, and justly admired. The smaller poems were not originally intended for publication, but most of them have merit; and many of them are much above mediocrity.

LORD MANSFIELD.

A FRIEND of Lord Mansfield's, who was a literary man. (the late Owen Ruffhead) often pressed him for materials to write his life, wishing, as he said, to perpetuate the memory of so great a man. Lord Mansfield parried this attack for some years; at last he gave him his reasons for it in the following manner, which do equal credit to his judgment and modesty-"You mistake, my good friend; the object you look for would form no important or entertaining part of biography. My success in life has not been very remarkable, and my parts such as generally attach to men who have had the same opportunities, and the same assiduities. My father was a man of rank and fashion; he gave me a good education, and in early life I was introduced into the best companies, which my circumstances enabled me to keep without falling into any improper embarrassments; therefore to these, with some adventitious circumstances, it is that I owe my success. But if you wish to write the life of a truly great man, take my Lord Hardwicke; he indeed was so, who from very humble means, without family, fortune, or connexions, rose to be Lord Chancellor of England, merely through his virtues, his talents, and assiduities."

THE GOSSIPER, No. XXXIII.

MEMOIRS OF A SPINSTER.

(Concluded from page 23.)

In a few days I did indeed receive another letter from my mother, more surprising and mortifying than the last: for it brought the unlooked-for information of her being married to young Mayfield! Mrs. Mellish assured me. that it was an event she had anticipated from the contents of the last, and laughed at me for not having seen through it. I could not help thinking that my mother had done a very foolish thing, though I could not in any way guess to what extent her folly might affect my interest, neither did I at the time give it any consideration, as I depended on Forrester's affection for securing me a handsome establishment. The intelligence of my expected return brought Forrester to an explanation, and I immediately referred him to my mother, as I declared myself wholly ignorant of the real fortune I should possess. I waited the result in extreme agitation; for though self-love led me to believe myself secure, the hints of Mrs. Mellish had raised a few doubts which I hardly dared whisper to myself. In the course of a few days, my suspence was terminated by Forrester's informing me that he had received my mother's answer. "And what does she say?" I asked eagerly. "Read it yourself," said he, throwing the letter on the table, and walking to the window. I thought by his manner that he was not pleased, and was confirmed in my opinion by the perusal of the following—

SIR.

I was duly honoured with yours of the 14th, and in reply beg to say, that I can have no possible objection to your

addressing my daughter, and am happy to find she is likely to get such a capital stablishmint. In regard to her fortin, I think it but fair to tell you, that it does not suit me to give her any, specially as she can have no occasion for it, if she marries so well. My late husband did not leave much, and dying without a will, I only came in for a share, and having since married, have no right to part with any of that without my husband's consent, though I must of course maintain her so long as she remains single; how-sumever, I think, that with her face and complishments (for no expence has been spared in her education) she is a fortin for any man, and this I make no doubt you are sensible of. My husband joins in love and best respects to you both, wishing you all possible happiness.

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I remain, your obedient servant,1

SUSANNAH MAYFIELD.

"Ridiculous!" I exclaimed, throwing down the letter; "my mother must be out of her mind, or that Mayfield has been contriving to cheat me out of my fortune. I will go to town directly, and compel them to do me justice." "Compose yourself, my dear Penelope," said Forrester, kindly, "and hear what I have to say: when I was first introduced to you by Mrs. Mellish, I was given to understand that you were a rich city heiress. I saw you were handsome and agreeable, and under these circumstances ventured to address you with the most honourable intentions. Upon a further acquaintance, I discovered, that you in reality possessed many excellent qualities, and I could not withhold my esteem, though the injudicious vanity of your parents had in great measure tended to make you ridiculous. Nay, do not think I mean to insult you," he added, taking my hand tenderly, "I am now acting the part of a sincere and disinterested friend, who is desirous to shew you the precipice upon which you stand. By giving you an education above your station and expectations, they have done you a serious injury, since they have unfitted

you for the enjoyments within your reach. You have accustomed yourself to habits of extravagance infinitely beyond your means, and the very refinement of ideas which you may have acquired, by an intercourse with polished society, must prove a torment to you, should necessity oblige you to move in an humbler sphere. I have often heard you deride the ignorant rustic, or low-bred mechanic, the obsequious shopkeeper, or affected city coxcomb, forgetting that you were yourself the daughter of one of these, and might probably be the wife of another."

"I had no reason to imagine any such thing," I replied disdainfully, "my expectations entitled me to look up to an object more congenial to my taste." "My dear Penclope, I must still entreat your patience," replied Forrester, "and though I may wound your feelings for the moment, be assured I will make my peace before we part. must now be aware, how deceitful expectations are. report of your fortune could not fail to attract a number of mercenary admirers; you will perhaps class me amongst these; and I will not attempt to deny the charge; for though I have, since our acquaintance, discovered in you qualities which I must ever love and esteem, it was the golden bait which first allured me. I will candidly declare to you, that I am neither rich nor independent enough to marry without money, or family connexion; and I am too honourable, too sincere in my regard, to take advantage of that partiality which my attentions may have created in your bosom, to make any proposals derogatory to those principles of virtue which I am happy to see you possess. Others may not be so scrupulous; return, therefore, to your mother, endeavour to accommodate yourself to existing circumstances, and rest assured, that should I, in the course of a few years, be at liberty to follow the impulse of my heart, you will be the object of its first choice. More I cannot promise; it will now rest with time to prove my sincerity."

His words sunk deep into my mind; he had indeed told me many unpleasant truths, doubly unpleasant from him; d

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but his manner was so impressive, his accents so conciliating and tender, that my resentment was disarmed, and I wept in the painful conviction that I had all along been deceiving myself. "I see that you forgive me," said Forrester, smiling; "and I can assure you, it was with great difficulty that I brought myself to speak 'such truths as women seldom hear from men.' It would have been much more easy, and conformable with the practice of the present times, to have expressed the most ardent love and admiration, offered you a handsome curricle and cottage orneé, and protested that beauty like your's was never designed to bless a vulgar plebeian. But no, Penelope! though I may indulge in fashionable follies, I have never engaged in fashionable vices. We must part for the present, let it be as friends who have a sincere and lasting regard for each other; I will fetter you with no promise, bind myself by no vows; if ever we meet again, I hope it will be under happier circumstances; till then, adieu!" Forrester then embraced me affectionately, parted. I remained for a considerable time in a state of agitation and distress, which it was out of my power to conceal from Mrs. Mellish, who soon drew from me an account of what had passed. "Well, my dear," said she, "Forrester has acted just as I expected, though he need not have made such a preachment about it. Nobody could expect he, or any other dashing young man of fashion, would marry a tradesman's daughter without there was plenty of money to gild the pill; so, as it is all done with now, it cannot be helped; it was very silly of you not to marry that young fellow Mayfield. I dare say your father would have left you all his money, and then the will would have been made in time, and-" I interrupted Mrs. Mellish by observing, that it was useless to talk of the past. I wished only for her advice in regard to the future." "Oh! that is soon done," she replied, "you can do nothing better, child, than go back to help your mother in the management of her domestic concerns; there is little chance of your making any fresh conquest now." I assured her,

I did not wish it, and felt equally disinclined to go back "I have received from Forrester a lesson to my mother. of humility which I will endeavour to profit by," said I, "but I cannot subject myself to the sneers of my young father-in-law. If you will do me the favour to recommend me to any situation which you may consider me qualified for, I will endeavour to do my duty in it, feeling convinced that a life of modest dependance is far more laudable than one of ridiculous pretensions. I acted up to this conviction, and was soon far better reconciled to my lot than I could have expected. I was fortunate enough to obtain a comfortable situation, in which I have remained long enough to secure the confidence and regard of those with whom I am connected; but my heart has never formed another attachment. Mayfield, who only married my mother in resentment against me, made, as might be expected, an indifferent husband. Some time before her death, my poor mother sent for me, and deplored her folly bitterly. "You may thank your stars, my dear Pen,' said she, "that you lost your fortune; for the men are all mercenary wretches, and you might have fallen into the hands of such a one as I have met with."

Since that time, I have received several letters from Forrester, who has been some time in India; they are all written in the most friendly and affectionate manner. Though almost without hope, I have refused several eligible opportunities of being settled, and shall in all probability remain

A SPINSTER.

VOLTAIRE

SAYS, To read with pleasure, we must be something of enthusiasts, and have our mind fixed upon some great object which interests us; we must also be very ardent in our search after instruction, as nothing so agreeably occupies the mind.

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THE BATTUECAS;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 9.)

THE sweet remembrance of Donna Bianca soon effaced these sad impressions: when I called to mind this angelic creature, my misanthropy vanished; and Don Pedro, with a view of diverting me from these gloomy thoughts, wished to introduce me to a masquerade, an amusement of which I had no conception. Don Pedro used not to go to them: but, expecting to derive pleasure from my surprise, he did not describe to me this singular scene, and took me there without having given me the least idea of it. Before I entered the room, I was astonished to hear a confused noise of squeaking and clamorous voices. I believed that there was a serious quarrel. Don Pedro smiled, and assured me, that, so far from it, they were highly amusing themselves. We entered, and I was stupified at the appearance of all these horrible and ridiculous figures. As we were not masked, and I was already known to a great many persons, they attacked me on all sides. One related to me such absurd lies, another talked so extravagantly and insipidly, that I only answered by shrugging up my shoulders; and then they were extremely abusive. I got rid of this impertinent group to go in search of Don Pedro, whom I had lost in the crowd, and fell in with a number of harlequins, clowns, and Turks, whom I found a thousand times more stupid; they surrounded, followed, and kept

me more than an hour, notwithstanding every effort to make my escape. At last, Don Pedro came to my assis-I was deafened, harassed, and really angry. We left the masked ball, and when we were alone, Don Pedro, after having explained to me what is a masquerade. and the kind of pleasure that is taken in it, appeared much surprised at my anger. The company that we have left, said he, will stop all night, and this is what the world calls pleasure. It may be pleasure, replied I; but it is the bitter pleasure of an insulting, and deep-rooted misanthropy which gave rise to so absurd an amusement. misanthrope, to amuse himself for a time, could find no better way than by entirely losing sight of what men are, renouncing the rationality that he despises, and the truth which irritates him, to tell nothing but lies, and disguise the human voice and form. Don Pedro smiled. You view things, said he, in a manner which belongs exclusively to yourself; but I confess that what you say is really very rational; and that the judgment of most men is warped by custom and prejudice.

From this day, I determined not to go any more into society, the false pleasures of the world disgusted me, and extinguished every kind of curiosity; and I became misanthropic and melancholy.

 the time fixed for your return to the valley; that is to say, not to quit Madrid in less than four months; and I earnestly join in her entreaty; she hopes that, with the sight you will lose in part the remembrance of her; and that, from this time until your departure, wise reflections and noble resolves will restore to both the tranquillity that you have lost.—Then she thinks, that she shall be able to forget me! But for me, I shall carry an image in my heart that will never be effaced. Oh! why did I quit my obscure country? those wild regions, where I lived in happy ignorance, will henceforth appear to me no more than a barren desert. Shut up, far from her, in that narrow inclosure, what will become of me on those rocks, where so many long reveries have beguiled my youth? What use shall I have for memory there? She abandons me, banishes me, and calumniates my heart in predicting future tranquillity!-She relics upon your virtue as upon her own; she foresees the consequences of your visit; and believes, that, after having seen a civilised people, and known their arts, your residence in the valley will no longer suit you. She invites you to return with your young wife, and will give you the estate, that she is at this moment gone to reside in; there you will pass your summers, continued Don Pedro; and come to my house in winter; if, as I hope, my dear Placid, you find pleasure in giving me this proof of friendship.

Don Pedro and Donna Bianca so well knew my ignorance of social manners as to be certain, that I should see nothing uncommon in these propositions; in truth, I did not yet suspect, that a generous action could wound the pride him who is the object of it; and that it is humiliating to receive what it is noble to offer. The untutored mind discovers many things; but it never divines strange inconsequences. This proposition, therefore, did not disturb me; but I did not accept of it. No, answered I, forced to renounce her, I renounce every thing. In this seductive world, where I have known her, every thing would remind me of her; and nothing would represent her to me as she really is; her charming idea, her divine image is perfect in my

memory alone. In future I will not hear praised common minds and virtues, talents inferior to her's, nor beauty. the lustre of which her presence would eclipse! Still I will remain the time that she has prescribed; she wishes it. and I will obey; but I will fly from the world, and live within your family alone; and when you have visitors. I will shut myself up in my chamber. In truth, faithful to to this resolution, from this moment I devoted myself to the profound solitude in which I was in a few months to bury Nevertheless, I continued my studies myself for ever. with fresh ardour. In six weeks, I finished two landscapes in oil; and, although this manner of painting was new to me. I succeeded so well with these pictures, that I gave them to Don Pedro, who placed them in his saloon. I had the satisfaction to think that Donna Bianca would one day see them! The time was passing, and seemed to be carrying away with it for ever the feeble remainder of my happiness; and a vague hope that my heart still preserved! I had been four months in Madrid; and had no more than two months to remain there! The idea of returning to the valley afflicted me. Great God! said I, how shall I behold again the young, forgotten, and betrayed Inès! How shall I endure the conducting of her to the altar, and engaging myself by an irrevocable vow, when my heart is no longer mine! How can I contract this terrible, this sacred, this indissoluble union! and with whom? Inès is handsome, spotless, and interesting; but was never in love; I shall therefore sacrifice my passion to her indifference. Whilst I am consuming in useless sorrow, she will live peacefully; and nothing, I am sure, will disturb her pleasing indolence. When I recall the sang froid of her last adieu, I cannot help thinking that she has forgotten me! It is true, we both shed tears; she is doubtless dear to me; but how serene was her countenance! Adieu! said she, I rely upon you, and shall wait your return with composure.-With composure! is that the language of love? Can so much security be allied to this impetuous feeling which destroys existence! Perhaps this love, which she had not

for me, she at this moment feels for another! Perhaps her heart has been assailed, and she fears my return. This last thought, which was constantly present to my mind, was my only hope. I could not enquire without sending a messenger into the valley; for there was neither post, nor communication; no letters were written in this isolated sojourn, nor any ever received: the priests left it only on particular business, which very rarely occurred; but the fear of imprudently recalling the memory of myself to Inès, always prevented my sending an express.

(To be continued.)

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.

WHEN Holt was Lord Chief Justice, a sect somewhat like that of the methodists, but rather more enthusiastic. was the canker that festered the community; and it being his lordship's opinion that a well-timed severity was the readiest way to destroy the spreading humour, caused several of the ringleaders to be committed to prison; upon which Mr. Lacy, a follower of theirs, went to his lordship's house, and demanded a conference with him. The porter said, his lord was indisposed, and saw no company. "But tell him," said Lacy, "that I must see him, for I am sent to him by the Lord God." The porter being struck with the oddity of the message, caused it to be delivered; and the judge gave orders that the man should be admitted. When he entered the room, "I am come," said he to the judge, "with a message from the Lord, requiring of thee. on pain of everlasting fire, to grant a Noli prosequi for John Atkins, and others, God's faithful servants, whom thou hast wrongfully cast into prison." "Thou art a lying prophet," replied his lordship, "for if the Lord had sent thee, he would have directed thee to the Attorney-general, for he knows it is not in my power to grant thee a Noli prosequi." And so wrote his Mittimus to keep his brethren company.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED WOMEN

OF THE

Eighteenth Century.

MADAME VIOT.

MARIA ANNE HENRIETTA PAYAN DE L'ETANG, born at Dresden in 1746, and married successively to three husbands, was equally celebrated under their three names. She was taken to France at four years of age, and at thirteen married the Marquis d'Antremont, of the earldom of Venaissin.

The Marquis d'Antremont was forty years of age, when he married; but exhausted and ruined by pleasure, he could neither be the guide, nor instructor, of his young wife. Henrietta was placed in a convent the day following her wedding, and returned to the dilapidated eastle of her husband to sigh under the despotism of an old housekeeper, who treated her like a child, and to assist at the close of M. d'Antremont's life.

Madame d'Antremont was a widow at sixteen, with a moderate income of a thousand pounds a year; and went to reside with her uncle, the Bishop of Nismes; but being of a proud and independent spirit, she would not be indebted for any thing to her respectable relation; and lived for several years on bread and milk alone, under pretence, that the delicacy of her breast required this regimen. Madame d'Antremont thus preserved the means of paying, without having recourse to her uncle, the expence of her toilet, and the salary of a woman attached to her service.

Endowed with a lively imagination, a happy memory, and brilliant wit, she had cultivated, almost from her cra-

dle, music and poetry. The kind of retreat in which she lived at Nismes developed her early propensities; she composed several pretty pieces of poetry, and sent one of them to Voltaire, who addressed some charming verses to Voltaire's answer to Madame d'Antremont comher. menced his reputation. This first success increased her penchant for the arts. Deprived of the advantages of beauty, and animated by the desire to please, she applied herself incessantly to study, learnt the German, Latin, Italian, and English; and soon became a scholar, without losing the amiableness of her character. In this interval, she formed an acquaintance with a young man, who was rich, intelligent, and of a distinguished family; she loved him, was loved by him, and lost him by sudden death on the eve of the day which was fixed for their nuptials. Light and frivolous in appearance, Madame d'Antremont was, nevertheless, capable of the most sincere affection; the loss of the first man she loved, had an influence upon the rest of her life. From that time, she feared solitude, which recalled this sad remembrance; and, to avoid it, she incessantly and eagerly sought the dissipation of high life. A small circle fatigued her, and made her live within herself.

Her moderate income was still more diminished by unfavourable circumstances. M. the Baron de Bourdic, Major of the city of Nismes, offered Madame d'Antremont his hand and fortune. He possessed the qualities of the heart and head; she esteemed him, married him, and lived in happiness with him twenty years, though he had no love for the sciences; and disliked his wife's talent for poetry. M. de Bourdic, being attacked with paralysis, lived four years in an infirm state; his wife then devoted herself entirely to domestic duties; and he died, leaving her a fortune of six thousand pounds per annum. The events of the revolution reduced Madame de Bourdic a second time to indigence; and soon after deprived her of liberty. Being thrown into one of the prisons of Versailles, she not only supported her imprisonment with cou-

rage, but her mind, her talents, her cheerfulness, rendered this sad sojourn an agreeable place to the prisoners. All spoke of her with enthusiasm; her poetic songs, the accents of her harp, her conversation, mixed with pleasing anecdotes, and philosophical reflections, transported, in some sort, those with whom she associated in the most amiable and brilliant circles of Paris. M. Viot, an administrator of estates, in visiting one of his relations, detained in the same prison as Madame de Bourdic, heard her spoken of with so much praise, that he wished to see her. He saw her, loved her, and used every effort to procure The committee of public safety declared, her freedom. that they could not give liberty to a woman of noble family. M. Viot answered, I ask for the liberty of my wife; I will marry Madame de Bourdic. On this condition, the committee consented to desist from its rigour. went immediately to Versailles, entered the prison, and gave an account to Madame de Bourdic of what had just happened. Esteem and gratitude induced her to form this third marriage.

M. Viot had four children by a first wife; his second wife bestowed the greatest attention to their education; they were indebted to her for their virtues and talents; and all conceived for her the most respectful affection. One of them survived his mother-in-law but a few months, and breathed his last sigh in pronouncing her beloved name.

The way of managing estates was changed; and M. Viot found himself excluded from it, after thirty years' service. The state of his fortune did not permit him to withdraw from business: he solicited a place of consul; was called to this rank at Barcelona; and departed, accompanied by his wife. She did not quit Paris without feeling the most bitter regret; she was obliged to renounce her pleasures and company to the brilliant illusions of the sciences; she was going to live under a strange sky, far from her old and faithful friends; she was entering a period of life when fresh intimacies are no longer easily contracted; every step which removed her from the capital added to her

sorrow. "I wish never to arrive at Barcelona," she wrote to a friend. "Will not some event unexpectedly happen to remove me from this town, and draw me nearer to you again?"

In the repugnance that she felt at going to settle at Barcelona, she always found pretexts for sojourning by the way. Nevertheless, her husband received an order, in the midst of his destination, to go without delay; he could not fail in his duty; she felt it; and was prepared to follow him; when, suddenly surprised by violent pains at la Ramiere, near Bagnoles, she died in the space of twenty-four hours, without having enjoyed the consolation of fixing her eyes upon any object that was dear to her.

Madame Viot, almost as celebrated for her bon-mots as for her poetry, united perfect goodness and great activity to the most ready and most agreeable mind. Naturally obliging, no step, no solicitation, was difficult to render service. In her saloon, the ordinary redezvous of men of merit and placemen, she was seen to receive the one with favour and consideration, and present the other, whose respect she captivated by flattering sallies, a memorandum in favour of some unfortunate person. She has left some unedited poems, full of softness, wit, grace, and philosophy; and an excellent eulogium on Montaigne, her favourite author. Madame Viot has thus drawn her own portrait.

"I have a strait forehead, very small eyes, sufficiently expressive when an agreeable sentiment agitates my soul, a flat face, a nose still more flat, round cheeks, a becoming enough mouth, a clear enough complexion, marked with the small pox; behold the assemblage of the most original countenance that was ever seen, but to which one is soon accustomed. My shape has been handsome, it is a little spoilt since I have got into good plight. Under this envelope, nature has placed an honest and feeling heart; and this sensibility, which I have so long been forbid to make use of, has been long veiled by a varnish of lightness, which has not prejudiced me in the eyes of my friends, but has concealed me from those of the public. Heedless-

ness adheres to frankness; I have been exceedingly so, and there are some remains of it still. Trifling to excess upon whatever belongs to sentiment, I pass lightly over all that appertains to etiquette. I am of a very equal temper; and have much variety in what is called taste; a foolish cheerfullness, that constant misfortune has not been able to extinguish, has always rendered my society agreeable. I have the candour of an infant; I rarely have wit; but sometimes imagination. Behold me as I am."

GEORGE II.

DURING the siege of Fort St. Philip, a young lieutenant of the marines was so unhappy as to lose both his legs by a chain shot. In this miserable and helpless condition, he was conveyed by the first opportunity to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honourable board, in order to obtain some additional consideration to the narrow stipend of half-pay. The honourable board pitied the youth, but disregarded the petition. Major Mason had the poor lieutenant conducted to court on a public day, in his uniform; where, posted in the guard-room, and supported by two of his brother officers, he cried out, as the king was passing to the drawing-room, "Behold, great sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you; he has lost both in your service." The king, struck no less by the singularity of this address, than by the melancholy object before him, stopped, and hastily demanded what had been done for "Half-pay," replied the lieutenant, "and please "Fye, fye on't," said the king, shaking your majesty." his head; "but let me see you again next levee-day." The lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of assignation, when he received from the immediate hands of royalty, five hundred pounds smart money, and an appointment of two hundred a-year to be paid quarterly so long as he lived.

PICK AND CHOOSE; A TALE FOR BACHELORS.

Oft have the men, unmindful whom they vex, Exposed the foibles of the softer sex, Laugh'd at their dress, their well stuff'd stays, their feathers, Their steady bloom, unchanging in all weathers; Swore locks were gray that seem'd a comely brown, And tho' all paid for, deem'd them not their own. Why not retort? Arouse, y' insulted fair, And shew these men what wond'rous things they are.

My intimacy with an amiable and agreeable couple, who reside within a few miles of London, has furnished me with materials for the composition of a little novel, which may not only serve for the amusement of an idle hour, but will probably afford to some of my female readers a sort of triumph, by enabling them in turn to laugh at the sex from whom they may have experienced the insult of neglect, or the indignity of ridicule. I deemed it prudent to conceal the real names of the persons mentioned in the following narrative, as some of them might be more tenacious of having their family secrets exposed than my communicative friend; for my own justification, I also consider it necessary to insert the following letter which accompanied the manuscript, and which will prove a more suitable introduction than any I can offer—

DEAR MADAM,

You have often expressed a wish to be made acquainted with some of the circumstances of my early life, and as I feel persuaded that no idle or impertinent curiosity dictated that wish, I feel the more inclined to gratify it, particularly

as I owe to your sex all the amends that I can now possibly make for former injustice and impertinence. I am happy in the conviction of possessing your regard and esteem: but though my conduct, since you have known me, may have been such as probably entitles me to your good opinion. I must now acknowledge, that I was not always the character you now consider me. I have thrown together the various events of my life without suppressing any of my follies, and trust you will not regard me the worse for having erred, and repented, since I take no merit to myself on the score of amendment, but ascribe all honour where Many young men, like myself, set out it is justly due. in life with a train of prejudices and erroneous opinions respecting that sex whose all-powerful influence nevertheless gives the colouring to their destiny. The impressions received in early youth most undoubtedly tend to lead the mind astray, and serve either to give us too exalted and romantic ideas of female excellence, or sink us to the opposite extreme of suspicion and dislike. I can scarcely determine which is the most dangerous error; it is, however, certain that (although there are few men candid enough to acknowledge the fact) our tastes, inclinations, and habits, are, through life, governed by women, who are, in one character or another, the secret springs of all our actions, whether of a good or evil tendency. Why then should we strive to keep them in ignorance of their power? Rather let them be fully aware of their importance to society, that their supreme influence may be employed only to our advantage, to make us valuable members of the community. and worthy of the most virtuous amongst themselves. I now send you a faithful narrative of my past life, with full permission to publish it, if you think it likely to afford amusement, or instruction.

> Your's, very truly, CYRIL SINGLETON.

MEMOIR.

Percival Singleton, my reputed father, was the junior partner in a respectable mercantile house, and, although

I am not desirous of entering on an uninteresting detail of occurrences which preceded my birth, it is necessary to give you some information respecting the nature of the tie subsisting between us. The ostensible partner, a Mr. Falconer, was a man of opulence and probity, but of austere temper and arbitrary habits; he had one daughter, named Marian, of whom he was excessively fond, but who stood in as much awe of him as did the meanest domestic in the house. Young Singleton was soon captivated by the personal attractions of Marian; but was in total ignorance of her real disposition, since the austerity of her father had occasioned her, at an early age, to conceal even from him her natural propensities. Percival, however, was a lover, and as such naturally gave his mistress credit for a greater share of amiability than she in reality possessed. though not more than might probably have been her portion, had a proper degree of confidence been established between her and her only remaining parent. It is moderate indulgence which fosters filial affection, and when that first native impulse is nipped in the bud by chilling authority, it too frequently happens, that all the best feelings of the heart suffer a check; if they are not eventually destroyed. mistrust and duplicity are engendered in the youthful breast. which is seldom, if ever, eradicated by subsequent kindness. Mr. Falconer, who, notwithstanding the peculiarities of his temper, had a warm heart, and a generous disposition, felt a sincere regard for his young partner, whose abilities were indeed of the greatest service to him, and whose integrity might be depended upon in every respect; he therefore no sooner discovered the bent of his inclination, than he gave him all the encouragement his most sanguine hopes could anticipate. Marian, on her part, neither sought nor repelled Singleton's attentions; she treated him with the familiarity of an esteemed friend, and when pressed on the subject, always contrived to evade an acknowledgment of her real sentiments. Mr. Falconer at length, tired of this trifling, insisted on her being more explicit, gave her to understand that his heart was set on the match, and, as he

knew she had no objection, except what might arise from natural perverseness, and a love of coquetry, declared, in peremptory terms, that she should either marry Singleton, or be estranged for ever from his house and affection. Marian well knew this to be but an empty threat, yet she did not wish to exasperate her father, particularly as she was conscious that his reproaches were in some measure just; and, without farther hesitation, promised obedience. But at her next interview with Singleton, his ardour was checked by an appearance of gloom and reserve, for which he knew not how to account, except by attributing it to a firmly rooted dislike; and, filled with this idea, he assured her, that he would no longer urge her, if her consent was only to be extorted by a father's commands.

"It is not my intention to deceive you, Mr. Singleton," replied Marian, bursting into tears; "but my situation is peculiarly embarrassing; I will candidly acknowledge, that, of all men living, you have the preference in my regard; but I cannot expect your sentiments towards me will remain the same when you are informed, that I have been already married!"

The astonishment of Singleton may be easily conceived: but how was it augmented when, with all the agitation and embarrassment of unfeigned distress, she proceeded to inform him, that though her clandestine union had hitherto been kept a secret from her father, she found it would be impossible to conceal it much longer, unless he would generously screen her from her father's resentment, by marrying her under such circumstances. Singleton loved her too ardently to behold her emotion with unconcern; he consoled her with the tenderest assurances, and having satisfied himself that she had been lawfully, though privately married to a young naval officer, who had formed an intimacy with her at the house of an indiscreetly complaisant friend, and who, being called into action almost immediately after their marriage, had fallen in the first engagement, he stifled the dissatisfaction he felt at the discovery, and declared himself still willing to make her his wife.

Matters being thus satisfactorily arranged, the spirits of Marian gradually returned, and with them augmented regard for Singleton, who had proved himself so truly deserving of her love and gratitude by his disinterestedness. Soon after their marriage, Singleton took a house in a retired situation in the country, where I was born; but as Mr. Singleton was equally as desirous as his wife to keep my birth a secret, I was consigned to the care of a decent woman in the neighbourhood; and my mother returned with her husband to town, satisfying herself with frequent enquiries concerning my health, and occasionally paying me a hurried visit.

Mr. Singleton, though he could not be supposed to feel for me the affection of a father, was nevertheless determined to fulfil the duties of one towards me, by paying every attention to my comfort and accommodation, and at the death of old Falconer, which happened when I was in my fifth year, took me home to his house, suffered me to bear his name, and having no children of his own, gradually began to feel for me a tenderness almost paternal. From him I received the first rudiments of education, and repayed his kindness by my docility and infantine endearments.

From what I have already related, you may be led to conclude, that Singleton, though an amiable, was certainly a weak man, nor is the conclusion erroneous. who saw her power over him, indulged in all the levity and extravagance which was the natural bent of her character; this conduct, in addition to some imprudent speculations, in the course of a few years, caused an embarrassment in the affairs of Singleton, as unpleasant as unexpected; and it was deemed necessary that he should pass a few years abroad, until such arrangements could be made as his friends were anxious to undertake for him. As I was too young to be made the companion of their voyage, Mr. Singleton determined on placing me at a school in Yorkshire, where he knew I should have the advantage of a good education for a comparatively trifling stipend, a point of considerable importance with him, as he foresaw the necessity of my being enabled to get my own living, and knew it was out of his power to meet the exorbitant charges of a first rate school in the vicinity of the metropolis. I will not dwell upon my feelings on this occasion; they were such as any child of the same age might have experienced; for though I naturally expressed regret at being separated from my mother, and him I had always been taught to consider my father, my grief was sensibly diminished by the anticipation of new scenes and juvenile companions. I had already made such progress under the tuition of Mr. Singleton, as to feel no dread of my future studies, and had the satisfaction, at my entrance into Mr. Mackenzie's school, to find myself placed in the various classes above boys who were considerably my seniors.

Mr. Mackenzie was a man of abilities, and a shrewd, though not unprejudiced observer of character; I had the good fortune to become a favourite, and for the first two years of my residence under his roof, the necessary remittances were punctually forwarded. But the indulgencies I had experienced were gradually withheld, when the regular periods for payment arrived, and were unnoticed by my parents. Mr. Mackenzie said it was strange; I thought it unkind, and could not account for it only by concluding that both were dead. Mr. Mackenzie had as usual forwarded the bills to Mr. Singleton's agent, an attorney, named O'Neil, and he now wrote a letter expressive of his surprise at a neglect so extraordinary, and inconvenient to himself. To this, he received the following answer—

SIR.

I was duly favoured with yours of the —, and am sorry that my protracted absence from town should have occasioned your remaining so long in suspence. In regard to the youth under your care, and known to you by the name of Cyril Singleton, a name to which (I am authorised to state) he has not any lawful claim, not being the son of my worthy friend, Mr. Singleton, but the natural child

of a naval officer, long since dead. I am also sorry to inform you, that the mother of the boy is no more, and Mr. Singleton, who has made a second choice, and being happy in the prospect of natural heirs, considers himself exonerated from any further responsibility on the account of young Cyril, whose name is Agincourt, and the which it will be most prudent for him henceforward to assume. As he is now of an age when he ought to be capable of making his way in the world, it will be advisable for him to look out for some decent situation, in which you, knowing his qualifications, can probably direct his choice. To fit him out for such an undertaking, I have inclosed twenty pounds at my own risk. Should Mr. Singleton ever return to England, he will doubtless do something for the lad, if he finds him deserving. Your present demand shall be faithfully discharged; but you are requested to notice, that any future expences on his account will be disputed.

I remain, Sir, &c. &c.

MAURICE O'NEIL.

(To be continued.)

DANIEL BERNOUILLI.

Daniel Bernouilli was a celebrated philosopher and mathematician, born at Groningen, February 9th, 1682. He was extremely respected at Basil; and to bow to Daniel Bernouilli, when they met him in the streets, was one of the first lessons which every father gave his child. He used to relate a little adventure, which he said had given him more pleasure than all the other honours he had received. He was travelling with a learned stranger, who, being pleased with his conversation, asked his name. "I am Daniel Bernouilli," answered he, with great modesty. "And I," said the stranger, (who thought he meant to laugh at him), "am Isaac Newton."

VOL. VII.-8. I.

A NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MISS S———.

(Continued from page 18.)

LETTER VIII.

THE Graces belonged to the second class of divinities; but nevertheless they had often the honour of associating with the first. Though they were really only the attendants of Venus, she made them her companions; and this excuse, I hope, will justify me to you for introducing them somewhat sooner, than in strict justice to the other celestials, I ought.

The three lovely sisters, Aglaïa, Thalia, and Euphrosyne, were the daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome. Need I tell my Charlotte, who is herself their most favoured votary, how much mankind are indebted to those bounteous deities, not only for the external captivations which they bestow upon their favourites, but for complacency, cheerfulness, and the art of conferring benefits, without humiliating those whom we oblige.

Orchomene, or the banks of the Cephisis, were the chosen retreats of the Graces, who had temples all over Greece, in which they were worshipped, in conjunction with Love, Mercury, and the Muses.

The season of Spring was particularly dedicated to these deities, who are always represented in the early bloom of youth; they are seen in the attitude of dancing, and holding each other's hands; an air of exquisite modesty pervades their countenances, and they are either covered with a light, loose drapery, or else without any garments at all.

I am about to introduce to you a God whose avocations in heaven might be said to resemble those of Scrub, were it not that he had important as well as menial offices assigned him by his fellow deities; you guess that I mean Mercury, the son of Jupiter, by the nymph Maia, and the only one of his natural children that ever received any favour from Juno, who is said to have suckled him, and while she was doing so, some of her milk dropped upon the heavens, which formed the milky way.

Mercury was worshipped as the God of Eloquence, Merchants, Travellers, and Thieves. It was also his office to conduct the souls of the dead to Hell, and bring them back from thence. He was likewise one of the nuptial deities. Besides these numerous avocations, he was messenger, purveyor, and master of the ceremonies to Olympus. He was constantly employed to negociate all the treaties made between the gods, and what was certainly more troublesome to him than all the rest put together, he was in universal request as adviser and arbitrator in all their disputes, although those of the goddesses alone were more than sufficient to furnish him employment.

Mercury was frequently embarrassed by the opposite commands which he received from Jupiter and Juno; for some time he had the skill and address to please both parties; but finding that, at length, impossible, he openly declined the service of Juno, whose messages were ever afterwards executed by Iris.

Jupiter's amour with Io was the occasion of Mercury's quarrel with the queen of the gods. This beautiful nymph, the daughter of the river Inachus, was passionately beloved by Jupiter, who, in order to elude the jealousy of his wife, metamorphosed her into a heifer, just as Juno was about to surprise them together; but she was not to be so deceived; resolving in her turn to have recourse to artifice, she feigned to be so delighted with the beauty of the animal, that she asked it of Jupiter, who, not daring to refuse, presented it to her. Juno immediately placed her rival under the guard of Argus, a monster with a hundred eyes,

ninety-eight of which were always open; for he never closed more than two when he slept. Jupiter, unable to bear the sight of his beloved Io's distress, and not knowing how to relieve it, had recourse to Mercury, who, never scrupulous as to what he was employed in, hastened immediately to liberate her. He assumed the disguise of a shepherd, and presented himself to Argus. At the first view of the monster, he saw but one hope of eluding his vigilance, and that was to lull him to sleep, which he at last effected by playing on the pipe.

No sooner did he see the hundred eyes closed, than he cut off the head of Argus, and carried away the fair Io in triumph. Nothing could be more seasonable for the lady than this rescue; for she was far advanced in pregnancy, and shortly afterwards presented Jupiter with a son, who

was named Epaphus.

Useful, however, as Mercury rendered himself to the thunderer, he had at length the misfortune to excite his displeasure, and was in consequence banished from Olympus. Determined to try how he should like a life of labour. as soon as he arrived on earth, he turned shepherd. I have told you already the trick which he played Apollo, from whom he stole the cattle of king Admetus. Fearing to be betrayed by Battus, a shepherd who witnessed the transaction, he bribed him to silence by a present of the finest cow among the flock; but afterwards, being desirous to try whether Battus would keep his word, he returned under the form of a clown, and questioned him about the robbery. Battus persisted in denying all knowledge of it, till the god offered him a cow and an ox, if he would reveal the thief. The shepherd was caught in the snare, and immediately disclosed what he knew; but, instead of receiving the promised reward, he was changed by Mercury into a loadstone, to punish his perfidy.

This god is always represented as a tall, handsome, slender young man, with a very prepossessing countenance. He wears a cap surmounted by two wings; he has also wings affixed to his feet; he holds in one hand a purse and

his caduceus in the other. This caduceus is a rod entwined by two serpents, and surmounted by wings. The attributes of Mercury were, however, as various as his occupations; as the God of Commerce, he has the trident and the cornucopia; as the protector of travellers, the stick and cloak; the ram indicates that he is the guardian of shepherds; the swan, that he is the God of Eloquence; and the cock is an emblem of the vigilance that enables him to discharge his different occupations.

Ceres, the Goddess of Agriculture, and the sister of Jupiter, was reckoned, next to Venus, the most captivating belle of the celestial circle; she was, it is true, majestic and comely rather than beautiful; but she possessed the secret of filling the hearts of the gods with love; and in consequence the goddesses did not regret her departure They wondered indeed what had become from Olympus. of her, and indulged themselves in some good natured conjectures on the cause of her absence; but as no tidings of her reached them, she was soon forgotten by all but Jupiter, who, having reasons of his own to be anxious respecting the fair fugitive, dispatched Mercury in pursuit of her. The god was obliged to return without discovering her retreat; but while he was vainly striving to find it out, Pan had carried intelligence to Jupiter that she was concealed in a cave almost at the extremity of the earth; where she had retired in order to conceal as much as possible the birth of her daughter, Proserpine. This goddess was in fact the fruit of an attack made upon her honour by Jupiter, who, finding persuasion ineffectual, had had recourse to force, and when Ceres saw that she was in the way to become a mother, she determined to bury her shame in obscurity.

Jupiter sent the Fates to divert her from this design, and their entreaties prevailed upon her once more to gladden men and gods by her presence. Giving up her heart wholly to maternal feelings; she centered all her happiness in the youthful Proserpine, and devoted all the time which she could spare from her to improving mankind in the art of agriculture. She introduced the use of the sickle at Corcyrus, where she staid a long time, and from thence passed into Sicily, from whence Pluto carried off her daughter.

The young goddess, and Cyane, a nymph, who was one of her attendants, were engaged in gathering flowers in a meadow when she was first seen by the monarch of Hell. Struck with the charms of Proserpine, and conscious that she would not accompany him willingly, he carried her off by force; and, enraged at the resistance of her companion, he changed her into a fountain.

The wretched Ceres, ignorant alike of the name of the perpetrator of this base action, and of theplace to which he had conducted her daughter, determined to overrun the whole earth in search of her. She lighted torches at the volcano of Mount Etna, and began her search in Sicily, whose shores she made resound with the name of Proserpine, which she mingled with her piercing cries. Alas! these cries were answered by Echo alone! and the disconsolate mother, mounting her chariot drawn by dragons, proceeded first to Athens, where Celeus and his wife Meganira received her in the most hospitable manner; but the goddess refused to partake of the wine which they pressed upon her, because she was resolved to allow herself no indulgence in the absence of her daughter.

Ceres did not desist from her search till she had traversed the whole earth. She met with many adventures, two of which only I shall tell you. As a reward for the hospitality of Celeus and Meganira, she taught their son, Triptolemus, Agriculture. She found this child labouring under a malady that threatened to be fatal, and, after she had, by a single kiss, restored him to health, she took him under her immediate care, and determined to render him immortal; accordingly she nourished him with her own milk, and every night covered him with burning coals to purify him from whatever was mortal in his composition.

This extraordinary method brought the infant to maturity in the course of a few days; but before he could obtain the promised immortality, his father's imprudent curiosity deprived him of it for ever. Celeus, watching at the door of the apartment, saw his son in the midst of the fire, and his loud screams broke the spell of the goddess, who punished his imprudence with death, but did not withdraw her protection from Triptolemus, to whom, as soon as she had finished his education, she presented a chariot drawn by dragons, in which she commanded him to traverse the earth, teaching husbandry to mankind. He fulfilled her commands, and always continued to experience her protection. Lyncus, king of the Scythians, averse to agriculture, and fearing that Triptolemus would succeed in introducing it into his country, determined to put him to death; but was prevented by Ceres, who metamorphosed him into a lynx.

Once, when the goddess was nearly exhausted with thirst and fatigue, she knocked at the door of an old woman, whose name was Bauba, and asked for some water, which Bauba immediately presented to her. Ceres drank so eagerly, that Stelli, the grandson of Bauba, began to laugh at her; but his imprudent mirth cost him dear; for she transformed him into a lizard.

Methinks I hear you reproach me for prating about lynxes and lizards, instead of continuing the adventures of the fair Proserpine, whom Ceres now began to despair of recovering. She returned once more into Sicily, and there, seated by a fountain, began aloud to lament her fate. This fountain was Cyane, who, still retaining the faculty of speech, informed her that Pluto had carried off her daughter.

The overjoyed Ceres flew to Jupiter to obtain of him the restoration of her darling; Jupiter granted her request, provided Proscrpine had not eaten any thing in hell. Ceres hastened thither, and was upon the point of conducting her lost treasure in triumph out of the infernal regions, when Ascalapius, one of Pluto's retinue, deposed, that he had seen her eat some grains of pomegranate seed. Ceres

turned him into an owl out of revenge for his information; but she was forced to submit to her daughter's continuance with Pluto. Her grief at this severe disappointment was so great, that Jupiter, in order to alleviate it, decreed, that Proserpine should spend six months every year with her, and the other six with her husband.

Triptolemus, on his return from his mission, became, at the desire of Ceres, her high priest. He succeeded his father in the sovereignty of Eleusis: it was he who instituted the Eleusinian mysteries, which were celebrated every year in honour of Ceres, and lasted nine days. So sacred were those mysteries held, that, during their celebration, all business was suspended. In order to be initiated in them, it was necessary for men to be just, and fear the gods; all who could not boast of those recommendations, however high their rank, were invariably excluded; even the Emperor Nero never dared to enter the temple of Ceres during their celebration.

This goddess is always represented as a majestic and comely female, her complexion glows with the brilliant tints of health, and her luxuriant, golden tresses are confined by a wreath, or crown, composed of poppies or wheatears. Sometimes she holds a bunch of the latter in one hand, and a torch in the other. She is also respresented with a torch in each hand; her robe flows loosely round her figure, and descends to her feet. If she is represented in a a chariot, it is drawn either by flying lions, or dragons. Sometimes she is seen with a sickle in one hand, and a child at each breast, who holds a cornucopia to indicate the plenty which agriculture produces.

Adieu! dear Charlotte!

Believe me devotedly your

CLERMONT.

(To be continued.)

MISS MARGARET M'AVOY.

THE extraordinary accounts which have been published of Miss M'Avoy, of St. Paul's-square, on the east side, Liverpool, has raised the curiosity of the public to its pitch. This young lady was attacked with hydrocephalus, or water in the head, and a complication of disorders, which produced blindness on the 7th of June, 1816, in the sixteenth year of her age. Since this misfortune, she has acquired the faculty of distinguishing objects by the touch and sensation; as for instance, the colours of cloth and stained glass, the reflection of colours and objects through a prism on glass, the appearance of objects in the street by their reflection on the windows, the height of persons in the same room, and whether their hands are extended or not, and even of deciphering the forms of words of printed books. The sensations of her fingers are become so exquisite, that she traces the words, if a short one, with one finger, if a longer, with two, the two fore-fingers of her right and left hands, placing one at each end of the word, till they come in contact, when she pronounces the word, and in this way reads about thirty words in half-a-minute. The forms of the letters through glass, to use her own explanation, appear as if they were raised up to the finger; the figures reflected from the mirror through plain glass feel as an image upon each finger; bright colours give a pleasing sensation, a sort of glow to her fingers, black rather a shuddering feel; the feeling of different coloured fluids is similar to the feeling of silks; gold and silver are more pleasant than brass, copper, or steel; and spirits of wine feel warmer than water. If any one puts out his hand upon entering, she feels as if air, or wind, was wafted towards her; a nod, made pretty near to her face, gives a similar sensation; and she knows the height of a person by a feeling, as if more or less wind were wafted towards her. If any person passes her quickly, she feels a greater sensation of heat. In short, her sense of hearing, smell, and taste, as well as feeling, are all more acute than before her illness. She distinguishes persons by the tread of the foot, the voice, and the breathing.

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Her powers of touch vary very materially; she loses it when her hands are cold; and it is exhausted by long and unremitted efforts. Her pulse, during the experiments, has varied from 110 to 130 degrees. She is embarrassed, and often entirely baffled, if any substance be interposed between her face and the object she is investigating; but she explains this by saying, that it is necessary there should be an uninterrupted communication between her fingers and her breath. During the experiments, goggles, stuffed with cotton, or covered, sometimes with a mask appended, reaching below her nose, plaisters of burgundy pitch on cotton, the whites of eggs, or gold-beaters' skin on black velvet, are placed so closely over her eye-lids that no ray of light can penetrate, had she the least glimmering of sight, and over these a silk handkerchief, or shawl, are twice turned round her head, and tightly tied. Some experiments have been made in a darkened room, in which she deciphered the title-page of a book, and distinguished colours with great accuracy; but it is thought, that as the presence of light is necessary to produce the difference of shade in colours, so it must be necessary to enable her to distinguish one shade from another; and this belief is founded on the supposition that the visual organ is transferred to the touch.

Miss M'Avoy has been visited by many intelligent and professional men; some of whom have expressed their doubts of her blindness; but her situation in life is respectable; she has exhibited gratuitously to those persons who have been introduced by her friends, and her mother has declared, that she has no thought of exhibiting for any pecuniary advantage; therefore, as she has no interested motive, there can be no motive for deception. It should

seem, that these gentlemen are sceptical, because they cannot account for the phenomenon; one of them, Mr. Egerton Smith, says, "Whatever contrariety of opinions may prevail on this point amongst true believers, or sceptics. there are two conclusions, to one of which they cannot withhold their assent-first, Miss M'Avoy, although blind, possesses the faculty of distinguishing objects and colours by the touch, or some other means than the eyes ;-or, secondly, Miss M'Avoy, reputed to be blind, and with a bandage over her eyes, through which no other person can see, in a place, also, so dark, that others can distinguish little or nothing, can see better than any other person." But, with due deference, many blind persons have been able to distinguish colours, discern if any strangers have entered the room, play at cards, work most curiously, write with great neatness and correctness; and therefore, why may we not suppose a person in the same state possessed of these powers in a still higher degree; particularly a person who had possessed the advantage of sight for nearly sixteen years before she became blind. It is certain, that, when once the mind is habituated to, and comprehends a manual, or other performance thoroughly, it is gifted with most extraordinary powers, and can often do without the use of one or more of those organs which have before assisted in the operation. It is said, that at first she found a difficulty in knitting and sewing as usual; that when she attempted it, hereyeballs rolled, and wandered about; but, upon being requested to endeavour to fix her vacant orbs upon her work, she was able to accomplish it, and could soon work better than she had ever done before, which shews that it was solely an operation of the mind that enabled her, an intuitive, or instinctive feeling, that supplied the place of one faculty, and gave the senses a power, a second sight, which they do not otherwise possess. That the mind is, upon extraordinary occasions, possessed of instinctive powers, no one can doubt, though they may not be able to account for them; as in the instance of approaching danger, or the death of a beloved relation, the powers of the mind are so great, that they have a kind of uncertain prescience, or foreboding of danger, whether to itself, or others, and often its visual organs are deceived by imagining that they behold this beloved object gliding, or flitting, before them for a few seconds, and then lose it. None but the most superstitious will believe this to be any more than the power of the imagination, which suddenly has an unaccountable foreboding, or presage of evil, that is often realized by the event; and afterwards hearing of the accidental, sudden, or other death of the object of the mind's vision at, or about this very time. And why may not this instinctive power, this second sight, if I may be allowed so to express myself, be possessed in a higher and a more perfect degree by a person who is deprived of the visual organs; seeing that nature, in such cases, always increases the power of the other senses?

Miss Margaret M'Avoy was born on the 28th of June, 1800; in the first two years of her life, she was much indisposed, and her sight endangered; but she recovered; and continued in tolerable health, till October, 1814; and from this time, with short intermissions, appears to have had bad health. For a more detailed account, we beg to refer our readers to Dr. Thomas Renwick's Narrative of the Case, with optical Experiments connected with it; in 1 vol. 4to. price 10s. 6d. in which he has given a diary of her indisposition from October, 1814, to the end of September, 1817, to remove all doubts of imposition, with a solicitation to have it more fully investigated by respectable individuals. The young lady is described of pleasing and ingenuous countenance, and apparently of an amiable and artless disposition.

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

This prince, upon being informed that a person, who was under great obligations to him, returned his kindness with ingratitude, replied, "Well, then, I will be still kinder to him, which will oblige him to love me!"

A MYSTERY DEVELOPED:

OR, THE

SECRET HISTORY OF THE COUNTESS OF CAMBRIA.

(Continued from page 41.)

CHAP. II.

"I knew, my dear sir," said Nancy, "that there was nothing which you would not do for my poor mother, but I knew also, that you had more than once distressed yourself to serve us; and I would not let you know how badly off we were, until my mother's illness increased so much, that, terrified at the situation in which she was, I could conceal it from you no longer. I had no doubt that we should hear from you directly, and I cannot tell you what I suffered when two days passed, and you did not come, or send to us.

"On the morning of the third day, I sent my little sister to one of our neighbours, to beg that she would come to see my mother; and thinking that the child staid longer than she should have done, I went to the door of our cottage to see whether she was returning; I perceived her at some distance by the side of the Countess of Cambria, who was walking with her to our cottage.

"I ran hastily in, for I was quite frightened at the thought of speaking to such a great lady; and when she entered, and addressed me, I was ready to sink with confusion; but there was so much kindness in her voice, so much gentleness in her manner, that, I know not how it was, my terror gradually subsided, and I acquired courage enough to answer all her questions.

"When I had finished, she expressed a wish to see my mother, who was in an inner room. The lady who accom-

panied her, attempted to dissuade her, and said the sight of a person in such ill health might have a bad effect upon her spirits; but the Countess answered, 'No; it will do me good to comfort the poor woman.' She staid conversing alone with my mother for nearly half an hour; and as she went out, she told me, that she would send a physician directly to see her.

"Heaven bless her! (and it will bless her!)" continued the poor girl fervently. "She did indeed send a physician, wine, and every thing else, that she thought could be of service to my mother, besides leaving five guineas with her when she went away; and not a day has passed since without her visiting us. She generally comes alone, but some of her ladies are always in waiting to join her as soon as she leaves us."

Here Nancy ceased. I cannot describe the sentiment which her narrative created in my bosom. I had never before seen the Countess; but I had always felt the sincerest pity for her unfortunate situation, even though I thought her to blame. To that pity, which was increased a thousand fold by the discovery I had made, respect and veneration were now added, and I looked forward, with all the ardour of a young and enthusiastic mind, to the speedy reestablishment of her domestic happiness, by the dispersion of those dark clouds which then obscured it."

Who that saw the illustrious Caroline at that period, and knew the noble nature of him to whom her vows were plighted, but would have cherished similar hopes? He was then in the full bloom of youth, and never surely was there a countenance that bore more legibly the impress of truth and purity. Alas! it was to that very purity she owed her ruin; too guileless to suppose that all around her were not her friends, she gave free scope to the natural vivacity of her disposition, and secure in the consciousness of her innocence, thought not that the fascinating gaiety, the sweet playfulness, which had rendered her the delight and ornament of her father's court; which had so often solaced the cares of empire to him and her illustrious mother, could,

by the fiend-like artifices of a demon in human shape, be tortured into criminal levity.

My nurse continued to linger for several weeks, during which, I visited her cottage at least every third day. I never again saw the Countess, but I know that she scrupulously kept her promise of providing for the orphans.

It was the delight of Nancy, whose heart overflowed with gratitude, to talk of her illustrious benefactress. I learned from her, that a very considerable part of the Countess's income was devoted to charitable purposes, not to that charity which ostentatiously displays itself to the eyes of men; no, it was in secret that she dispensed those munificent donations, which her benevolent spirit delighted to bestow upon the children of misfortune. She did not wait till the wretched applied to her for relief, she sought them out, as she had done my poor nurse; and often was the drooping spirit, bending beneath the weight of poverty and sickness, roused and invigorated by her liberality and kindness.

But let me have done with digression, and proceed to speak of those illustrious personages with whom the Countess is connected by the double ties of marriage and of blood.

Her father-in-law, the Duke of ———, has been always allowed, even by those who depreciated his public character, to be eminently gifted with all the social qualities which can endear man to man, and the universal regret which all ranks of people evinced for the heavy visitation with which it pleased providence to afflict him, is at once the truest and the most flattering testimony to the excellence both of his private and public life.

The character of the Duchess is more strongly marked than that of her illustrious consort. Possessed of sound judgment, great penetration, and a very good understanding, she has been, through life, a model for wives and mothers; but unfortunately for those most nearly connected with her, she has no toleration for weaknesses, from which she is herself exempt. It is true, that her morn of life has been strewed with flowers, the happy wife of a faithful, amiable, and adoring husband, her duties and her inclinations have

never been at war. I must, however, do her justice; had the path of duty been as rugged as it has been the reverse, she would, I am convinced, have trodden it cheerfully.

The Duke's eldest son, the Earl of Cambria, was, in the dawn of youth, the pride and hope of his illustrious family; and never surely was there a being so richly endowed, so rarely gifted by the hand of nature, as the Earl, His face and person were models of manly symmetry and beauty, and while the brilliancy of his wit, and the fascinating elegance of his manners, rendered him the idol of the fair sex, his understanding and talents made him looked up to with wonder by the statesmen and literatiof his day.

The education of the Earl had been more than usually strict, and, as is frequently the case, no sooner was he emancipated from restraint, than he rushed into the vortex of pleasure with more than common avidity. This was not indeed to be wondered at; his fine person and engaging manners rendered him an object of real admiration to coquettes of the haut ton; his rank, and the open, generous liberality which marked his character, made it a matter of vanity and interest, as well as inclination, to subdue him; and he became, at a very early age, an adept in what is termed gallantry.

Surely our language affords no instance of a word so miserably perverted as this. The man who, by the most assiduous attentions, gains the heart of a delicate and susceptible female, and then, in an unguarded moment, robs her of her honour, is no longer, in the coarse, but significant language of our ancestors, a vile seducer; no, he is—a man of gallantry! The violator of the marriage bed, he who takes advantage of the confidence reposed in him, to debauch the wife of his dearest friend, is no more branded as an unprincipled rascal; his crime is mentioned as an affair of—gallantry. I am far, however, from meaning to insinuate, that the Earl ever disgraced himself, or his noble house, by an act of seduction; no, in that respect, I firmly believe, he is more sinned against than sinning;

many were the snares laid for him; but never yet did he draw the innocent and inexperienced girl from the paths of rectitude.

Years were consumed by the youthful Earl in the pursuit of pleasure, that ignis fatuus which seemed ever to elude his grasp. His heart was too sensible, his imagination too lively, and his taste too delicate, to be satisfied with mere sensual enjoyments, and his exalted rank had hitherto shut him out from the delights of chaste and reciprocal love. He was in that state of mind which so often recalls the votarist of pleasure to a humiliating sense of his original nothingness, when chance threw in his way a woman, who, though far beneath him in rank, was not less singularly endowed by nature than himself.

Maria, so the fair one was named, at the period when she first captivated the youthful Earl, was a widow, and many years older than himself; but excellent health, a regular life, and a temper whose unclouded serenity rendered her the idol of her friends, all contributed to preserve her beauty in its highest perfection. Struck with her uncommon personal charms, the Earl procured an introduction to her; and an hour's conversation rivetted the chains which her bright eyes had forged. Few could appreciate so justly as the Earl the mental graces of Maria, who, delighted by his notice, and unsuspicious of the cause of it, gave free scope to her natural vivacity, and displayed talents which soon heightened the penchant of her noble admirer into a serious and violent passion.

He took the earliest opportunity of revealing his love to Maria, who listened with a coldness as mortifying as it was unexpected, to his ardent professions of affection. "My lord," said she, when he had concluded, "I can regard the declaration you have just made in no other light than an insult. You are well aware, that I can never be your wife, and I value my honour too highly to become the mistress of the first potentate on earth."

Thunderstruck at this repulse, the first he had ever expe-

rienced, the earl was for a few moments silent; unused as he had been to meet with resistance, the idea suddenly occurred to him that it was only a feint; and impressed with this notion, he recommenced his attack with an ardour which was checked by Maria's hastily leaving the room.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

It used to be considered an indispensible appendage to a great man's establishment, to have in his service one of his unfortunate fellow mortals, from whom Providence had withheld the blessing of understanding. This man was called the fool, and kept continually round his employer's person, for the purpose of amusing those greater fools who were capable of sporting with his misfortunes. It happened, that one thus employed had very much pleased his master. by affording what he called sport for his company, and as a mark of his approbation, he gave him a favourite walking cane, with this injunction-" Keep it till you meet with a greater fool than yourself, then give it him." A very short time after, the rich man was taken dangerously ill, and his physicians pronounced his life in imminent danger. The fool was about his bed, and observed him in the greatest consternation; on which he asked him why he appeared so frightened. "I am dying," was the answer. "Dying! what is that?" said the fool. "Going from this world to another-from this world to eternity!" "Oh! a journey," said the fool; "well, is every thing prepared?" The master, starting with terror, exclaimed, "No; nothing is prepared for such an awful journey!" Away ran the fool, and instantly returned with the walking cane, and putting it into the hands of his dying master, said-" There, take back your cane."

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR JANUARY, 1818.

THE state of this country, when compared with those we have lately subdued, and were once dependant upon. and tributary to us, is truly deplorable. It is impossible to make this comparison, and to reflect upon the measures that have led us insensibly step by step to the brink of ruin. without being convinced of their madness and folly. Not content with possessing the trade and commerce of the world free and uncontrouled, our fears, our jealousies, and our pride, have engaged us in quarrels with which we had nothing to do; and destroyed the fabric of our welfare and prosperity. We are now so circumstanced, that the prosperity of other nations is an insuperable bar to our own; were they in the same state as ourselves, equally oppressed with taxes, our manufactures might come in competition with their's; but the weight of our taxation so far exceeds that of any other country, that we are precluded manufacturing for exportation, because the same goods are now manufactured on the continent for less than half the price at which we can afford to sell them; this is a truism that cannot be too often repeated; so that unless a great proportion of the taxes be taken off, we have no chance of a revival of business; and poor artisans and mechanics must continue to starve for want of employment. We are happy, however, to say, that those who have acquired wealth by the labours of this class, are actively and benevolently employed in alleviating their sufferings, and will do all that they can to prevent their perishing of want; at the beginning of the present month, meetings were held at the City of London and Crown and Anchor taverns, subscriptions opened, and considerable sums have been raised, and distributed among them. But this is a sad alternative, and one which seems to indicate, that men of superior abilities and acquirements employ their energies to destroy the blessings of Providence, and make their fellow-creatures miserable; for this dependant, quiescent state, what is it, but to exist in misery? If they reason and reflect on their condition, in what light must they view themselves, but as a burthen to others, though it be not occasioned by any fault of their own; and this alone is sufficient to break and weigh down their spirits; to degrade and sink the character, and fit it for the vilest purposes.

The American papers, received within the month, contain Mr. Maddison's annual report of the finances, expenditure, and condition, of the United States; and we cannot contemplate this document, which shews, how little is necessary to support the exigences of a state, how small is the burthen borne by a large population (not more than four millions annually), how large the surplus of revenue to be funded for the next year (more than four millions of dollars beyond the permanent authorised expenditure), and the reduction of taxes that is about to take place,we cannot contemplate this flourishing state of their revenue and trade without exclaiming-Aye, these people are happy; they have shaken off the yoke of tyranny and oppression; their statesmen are elected by the voice of the people; they have men of integrity to govern them; why do not Englishmen rouse themselves from their lethargy, and restore the constitution of their country to its pristine state, and enjoy the same blessings?

This manifesto also states, that the United States have entered into an agreement with this country, that all the armed vessels of both nations on the Lakes shall be dismantled, with the exception of one of each flag on Lake Champlain, one on Lake Ontario, and two on Lake Erie, and the Upper Lakes; each vessel to carry only one cannon. The question respecting the islands at the entrance of the

Bay of Fundy has been determined on the basis of the status quo ante bellum. The question of the Fisheries is still under negociation with this country. A determination is expressed to maintain an impartial neutrality between Spain and her colonies; and the object of sending Commissioners to South America is professed to be, that of securing a proper respect to the American commerce of every port, and from every flag.

There are other articles of no less importance: from the speech of Mr. Robertson, it appears that a part of the Americans begin to take an interest in the fate of their South American neighbours; are jealous of the Russian squadron; sareastic on the professions and policy of Alexander; and carried a motion in the House of Representatives for requesting the President to communicate the information he had received relative to the proceedings of certain persons who had taken possession of Amelia Island and Galveston.

The growing power of America, and the declining resources of this country, are fraught with events that will hereafter produce most surprising changes; and the late war, having both drained our resources and ruined our trade, has laid the foundation of our ruin and destruction; and will in time expose us, with diminished means, to the attacks of some more powerful rival; and extinguish all those traits of greatness for which we were once pre-eminent.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to have already fixed upon a plan for the reduction of the national expenditure without any new taxes; and proposes to accomplish this scheme by reducing the army and navy to its final peace establishment; by which the expenditure will be reduced to fifty-eight millions per annum; and as our revenue does not exceed fifty-two millions, the deficiency is to be supplied from the ten millions applied annually to the Sinking Fund. But to leave the people of this country to bear all the weight of the war-taxes in peace, notwithstand-

ing these reductions, is doing next to nothing; it is only taking off what it is known they cannot pay; and leaving a burthen upon those who have any ability to contribute, which must be daily reducing them to pauperism; and which will annually call for fresh reductions by the number of payers to the taxes it is annually diminishing.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

On Tuesday the 30th ult. the farce of the Irish Widow was represented at this theatre, for the purpose of introducing a new female performer in its principal character. The figure of the fair debutante is not sufficiently masculine; her action was sometimes graceful; and her voice is good, though her articulation is not very distinct; but it was injudicious, not to say indelicate, to choose a part which required male attire for a first appearance.

On Saturday January 10th, Richard, Duke of York, was repeated at this theatre to a very thin audience. This historical drama is a selection from several of Shakspeare's plays of Henry VI. now nearly obsolete, and is attributed to Mr. Kean; but notwithstanding the care that has been taken in its compilation, it is a compound, though of rich materials, which does not go down with the public.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Thursday night, the 1st instant, a new tragedy, entitled Retribution, or The Chieftain's Daughter, was brought out at this theatre. In the plot of this tra-

gedy, the action is much restricted. During the whole of the second act, the action may be said to stand still—nothing is done essential to the production of the catastrophe. Some of the characters are drawn with spirit, and display much vigour in the original conception. The tragedy is from the pen of Mr. Dillon, and was well received by a crowded audience.

On the 6th instant, Twelfth Night, or What you Will, was performed to a crowded audience. Emery, in Sir Toby Belch, Blanchard, in Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, Liston, in Malvolio, and Fawcet, in the Clown, were excellent, and never exerted their comic talents with more effect. The character of Viola was personated by Miss Brunton in a modest and able manner; and the comedy was altogether uncommonly well supported.

On Wednesday, the 14th instant, The Point of Honour, translated from the French by Mr. C. Kemble, was revived at this theatre to exhibit Miss O'Neill in Bertha, a character that discovers the best social affections: the most amiable dispositions; and seeks the welfare of those with whom it is connected: it drew forth one of the most animated personifications of all that is amiable and excellent in the fair sex; one that has rarely been equalled; and has, perhaps, never been excelled. In the first scenes, all the screnity and piety of a life of innocence and retirement were depicted in her countenance; calm and unruffled, nothing seemed to agitate her bosom, but the prospect of approaching happiness in marrying him whom she had long loved; but when, in the midst of her expectation, she finds her lover treacherously torn from her, and exposed to the horror of an ignominious death, her frantic grief appeals most powerfully to the feelings; and the scenes which follow the discovery of Durimel's unhappy fate, in particular the prison-scene, and that in which she hears the report of musketry, and sinks in an agony of horror to the earth,-harrowed up the feelings of the spectators; and produced a most astonishing effect in every part of the audience. Mr. C. Kemble's Durimel was a high-finished performance; and the performers generally were respectable in the parts allotted to them.

This play is after the German model; but not so wild, nor so romantic, as many of them, and with much more that is moral and useful.

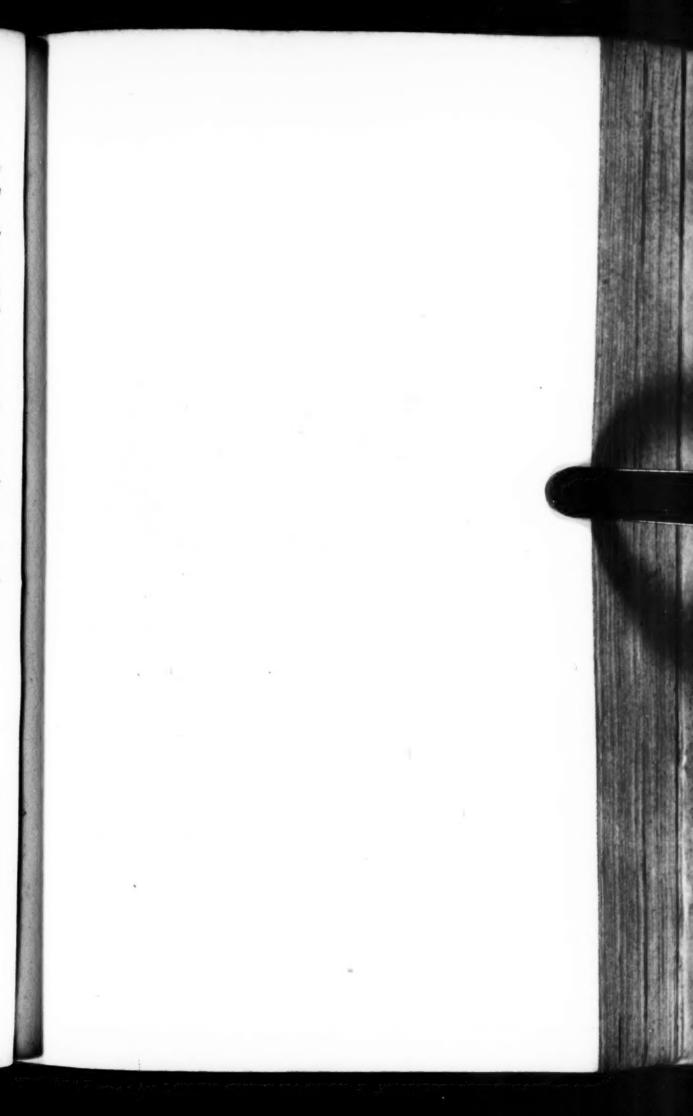
A one act piece, called Three Miles from Paris, was performed for the first time on the 15th instant. The plot turns on the delivery of a letter. An English colonel, in love with the rich niece of a poor widow, who keeps an inn a league from the French capital, and whose mistress only waits for this billet-doux to elope with him, employs his servant (Denning) to convey it to her. To elude the vigilance of the aunt, and to effect this notable purpose, he assumes successively the garb of a French courier, an English grenadier, a tourist, and a sailor. The character was written for Mr. Matthews, but no one can approve of writing a character for any individual performer; our great dramatist pourtrayed nature, and left it to the actor to adapt his imitative powers to that standard. If Mr. Matthews were dead; who shall we find able to assume such a variety of character? to say nothing of the improbability of such assumption in real life. Some allusions to the rage for visiting the continent were applauded; but the dialogue wants point and spirit; and on its being announced for repetion, the house was divided.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Shortly will be published, in foolscap, RHODODAPHNE; or, The Thessalian Spell; a poem.

Early in February will be published, Tales of MY LAND-LADY, edited by Peregrine Puzzlebrain, Esq. in three vols. 12mo.

Early in February will be published, SIR JAMES THE Ross, a Border Story. in one vol. 12mo.





Morning & Evening Drefses for February

Pub. Feb. 7. 1818, by Dean &: Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE

MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR FEBRUARY, 1818.

EVENING DRESS,

Of rich white satin, made to fit tight to the shape; the waist short, the bosom rounded, and trimmed with a full ouilling of blond net, edged with satin; the sleeve is very full, the upper part of white satin, cut in points, and edged with rose-coloured satin; under the points is a full plaiting of gossamer net, finished with a band of white and rose coloured satin riband. The petticoat is made full and long. trimmed with a gossamer net flounce very full, and edged with rose coloured satin at the bottom; above is a trimming on gossamer net, richly embroidered with wool and satin riband; the stars are composed of rose coloured riband in points, intermixed with two shades of brown: the leaves of shaded green, edged with riband; this trimming, for novelty and effect, we have seldom seen equalled. Over this dress, for dancing parties, the quadrille robe is in high estimation: it is composed of thin gossamer net: the back confined by a sash; the front flows in graceful folds, and imparts a sylph-like appearance to a slight The hair is dressed full on the temples, much parted in front, and surmounted by a wreath of damask roses. Pearl negligée necklace and ornaments; white kid gloves, and satin shoes.

WALKING DRESS.

Pelisse of light fawn, cashmere cloth, to fit the shape, with a high collar, edged with sky-blue satin, and a collarette cape, in points, terminating at the waist; epaulettes, of

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fawn coloured bullion, passing round the back; the skirt is made to wrap a little over in front, and lined with blue satin, trimmed with a double row of rich blue satin trimming, crimped and reversed, to form festoons, which is headed with a row of crimped satin, formed into Spanish puffs. French frill, of Valenciennes lace. The bonnet is a light fawn, of a small French shape, with a full crown of white and pale blue satin; band and strings of blue satin riband, edged with white. Sable muff, and fawn coloured boots.

For both our dresses, we are indebted to the taste and ingenuity of Miss Macdonald, 84, Wells-street, Oxford-street.

Fancy again appears to resume her empire in the fashionable world; and elegant females, dressed in gay colours, now diversify the late gloomy appearance of our public walks: while the opera and theatres assume a degree of gaiety and splendour which variety of colour alone can impart. Since our last Number, many varieties have been introduced; for walking costume, pelisses still continue in favour; the wrapping cloak, given in our last, is very generally adopted. Morning dresses are generally made of pompadour Spanish brown, light fawn, or drab tabbinets; the body half high, tight to the shape, and trimmed with a rich, light, floss trimming of party coloured silk, which generally surmounts a self-coloured satin trimming, frequently formed of shells and large roses, or a bias of satin about a quarter in depth; the sleeve a little sloped at the elbow, and open at the cuff, under which is worn a plaited sleeve of lawn, or French cambric, trimmed at the hand with Valenciennes edging.

Miss Macdonald has also favoured us with a sight of a bridal dress, made for a lady of high rank; it is composed of thin white gossamer net, made very full, and worn over white satin; the skirt is edged with a large rouleau of rich white satin; above this are several rows of white satin coquings, placed at equal distances, forming a wave; between each wave is suspended a tassel man pearls.

Cestus of white satin, embroidered with pearls. The body is made tight, and the back is in three divisions, richly embroidered with chenille and pearls; the sleeve is very full and short, fastened with broaches of pearl, to imitate the laurel leaf; the bosom is richly trimmed with pearls. The head-dress is composed of leaves of laurel, made of white satin and pearls; the chaste simplicity and neat style of this dress much surpass any description we can give: we must say, we have never seen it equalled. There is little change in the form of caps; turbans of the French shape, with a heron feather in front, are considered very genteel. Cornettes of tulle and satin, or gossamer net, with flowers, are much worn. The Albinese cap, of velvet, richly embroidered, is very elegant, and in high estimation for the opera, or full-dress party.

In bennets, the gipsey shape is likely to prevail for young ladies, while the large French shade is worn by those more advanced in life. We are happy to have it in our power to introduce a bonnet that is really a novelty, for a description of which see our plate. Spencers still retain their place; those most fashionable, are of rose-satin, velvet, black satin, or white kerseymere, richly braided in the feather pattern. With spencers, a small round hat, composed of black velvet, is a pretty change; and as it has a small brim all round, has not the bold appearance toques generally have. We have also seen some very large bonnets of velvet, of a gipsey shape, rather deeper in front than behind; those we do not recommend, as their outré appearance, and not being worn by ladies remarkable for taste, induce us to think they will never become favourites.

The most fashionable materials for evening dress, are gossamer nets and gauze of the thinnest fabric over white satin; for half-dress, or dinner parties, tabbinets, rep silk, and figured sarsnets, are much used. The most prevailing colours are French rose, lavender, violet, puce, fawn colour, and dark blue.

We have been favoured with a description of a ball-dress

and toque from a distinguished house at the west end of the town. The ball-dress is composed of British net over a white satin slip. The body is sloped down on each side of the waist, so as to display the white satin one beneath, which thus forms a stomacher. On each side of the breast, the net is disposed in folds, we believe there are as many as six; each of these is reversed in five or six places, and each tacking is ornamented by a single pearl; the slip is finished round the bust with a puffing of net. The back corresponds with the front. The sleeve is a triple drapery: the upper and lower parts of which are composed of British net, and the middle of white satin; this drapery is festooned very high on the shoulder, but lower on each side by small knots of pearl. That part of the slip which forms the stomacher is richly embroidered with coloured silks and chenille in a bouquet of moss roses. The skirt is gored; it sits very full round the bottom, but has little fullness at the waist; it is finished at the bottom by a rouleau of satin, over which are placed satin tucks, laid on bias. The piece tucked is about half a quarter in breadth; it is surmounted, and partly shaded by a drapery of white net, disposed in festoons, each festoon ornamented with a single rose-bud. The drapery has a full heading of puffed net. We have endeavoured to be as correct as possible in our description, in order to give our readers an accurate idea of this very elegant dress.

The toque is of an oval shape, and higher than they are in general worn; the lower part is white satin, set on plain; a full rouleau of net, spotted with rose coloured velvet, the spots very small, goes across the crown. A narrow bandeau of rose coloured velvet ornamented with pearl, and finished at one side by a pearl tassel, goes round the toque; and a high plume of ostrich feathers is placed at the left side, so as to incline towards the front.

There is so little variation in the Costumes Parisiennes, since our last, that it is quite unnecessary to give a description of them.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.-TO A LYRE.

And is it vain o'er thee, sweet lyre!

That I would shed the willing tear,

That I would mourn thy slumbering fire,

And thy soft tones again would hear?

The hand that rul'd thy chords, and taught
Their dulcet symphonies to flow,
Breathing each high and gentle thought—
Forsakes thee now, hung down in woe.

Late on mine ear thy parting song
In mournful cadence sweetly fell;
My fancy lov'd thy music long,
But never knew, till then, how well.

But silent now, thy silver strings
No more shall charm her listening ear,
No more she'll prune her fairy wings,
Thy voice in other worlds to hear.

Yet, hark! she daringly aspires
Thy rest of sadness once to break;
And as she strikes the weeping wires,
Methinks 'tis thus they seem to speak:—

"Oh, haste thee! who alone canst give Their harmony to these sad notes, That faltering, now, in vain would live— The sound, in broken whispers, floats. Haste thee to snatch from skilless hand The lyre that late was thine alone; And once again the strains command That made the varying pulse their own."

TO AN EVENING CLOUD.

Thou beauteous cloud, that from the golden west Thy burning glories pour'st upon my view! In seas of light, serene thou seem'st to rest, Effulgent as the orb thou wouldst pursue. Gazing on thee, seraphic forms appear Crowning thy lucent heights, to fancy's eye, That looking sweetly down on our dark sphere, Weep angel-tears o'er man's frail destiny; While softly stealing as from harps of Heaven. Divinely breathing on the awak'ned soul, Celestial sounds to mortal ears are given, That every pain may sooth and care controul; And my glad spirit, borne on rapture's wings, Flies to far happier worlds, to happier being springs.

LINES

ON READING THE 'PRISONER OF CHILLON,' BY LORD BYRON.

How soothing is the soul-entrancing strain, That heaves the heart with sympathizing pain, That breathes a pensive pleasure through the breast, A holy calm-of every care divest. Oh! I have hung enamour'd o'er the lay Whose mournful notes with magic sweetness flow, Wrapt in the shadows of departing day, Dissolv'd in all the luxury of woe. The evening gale responsive swell'd the strain, gentle murmurs, sighing through the grove; Then swept in solemn cadence o'er the plain, Each chord vibrating with celestial love.

The weeping foliage of the trembling trees, Dropping around the pearly tears of even, Way'd in full concert to the passing breeze. And woo'd the spirit to its native heaven. Nature thus harmonizing with my soul, A sweet delirium o'er my senses stole, And my rapt fancy sought the dungeon gloom, Where Bonnivard in hopeless anguish pin'd, And fondly sought to cheer the captive's doom, And pour the balm of friendship on his mind; To welcome him to liberty and day, To lead him from the busy world away, To calm his sorrows in retirement's shade. Where grief nor tyranny should more invade; And when his weary frame-too long opprest By adverse fortune-sunk at last to rest. And his free soul aspir'd to that blest shore, Where pain and sorrow shall be felt no more, To sooth his sufferings, and with tearful eye Receive his last farewell, and catch the parting sigh. But Cynthia, pale-ey'd empress of the night, In radiant majesty burst on the view, And chac'd the vision from my aching sight, As o'er the deep'ning shades her silv'ry robe she threw; In liquid lustre bright, love's fabled queen, Shed her soft splendour o'er the sylvan scene, And nature's sweets in wild luxuriant bloom, Breath'd through the ambient air a rich perfume; Oh! then methought some spirit from on high Pour'd through the night seraphic harmony, Bore on the lovely sound my soul away To the bright regions of unclouded day, And, for a moment, loos'd the chains which bind To this dull earth the proud immortal mind! Was it a requiem o'er the hallow'd clay, Where weeping friends their nightly visits pay, To tranquillize the wretched mourner's breast, And charm awhile the throbbing heart to rest? Or where—as drawing pear life's closing scene, Departing virtue smil'd in death serene,

The seraph band awoke their lyre's soft tone,
To smooth her passage into worlds unknown?
Ye guardian spirits, messengers of heaven!
To whom I fondly would believe 'tis given
With zealous care to soften all the pains,
And every grief mortality sustains;
Oh! when that swift approaching hour shall come,
That calls me hence, and beckons to the tomb,
Oh! then be near—that in those strains divine
My ravish'd soul may every care resign,
Exulting soar above this lower sphere,
And quit without a pang the ties that held her here.

Langstone, December 15th.

S

VIOLA.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

SHE had a form-but I might talk till night, Young as the sun now is upon our watch-Ere I had told its beauties; -it was slight E'en as you willow, and, like its soft stem, Fell into thousand motions, and all lovely. But for her cheek, look on those streaks of rose Tinting the white clouds o'er us; now and then A flush of deeper crimson lightening up Their wreaths, like wind-kiss'd lilies; Now and then a long, rich, ebon tinge Flitting between them. There I think I see Still, though she's in her grave, the cheek I lov'd, With the dark tress that veil'd it. When I sat Beneath her eye, I felt its splendour on me Like a bright spell. 'Tis not the diamond's ray, Nor vesper starlight, nor aught beautiful In this ascending sun, or in this world, Can bring me back its image;—'twas a soul That has no portraiture on earth-a beam, As we have heard of angels, where no lips Are wanted to give utterance to the thought.

Her eye was radiant thought. Yet when her voice Spoke to me, or, at evening, o'er her lute Breath'd some old melody, or clos'd the day With her due hymn to the virgin, I have turn'd Even from the glory of her eye, to weep, With sudden keenness of delight. Those tears On earth I weep no more—she's in the grave!

P.

THE CONFESSION.

OH! turn those dear, dear eyes away,
My cheek with love is blushing;
And though a smile may o'er it play,
My eyes with tears are gushing.
Oh! look not in my eyes, love,
They tell a tale too true;
See not my blushes rise, love,
Nor listen to my sighs, love,
For blushes, sighs, and eyes, love,
All speak—and speak of you!

AMORET.

TO MR. DAVID FISHER,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Allow us as we prove.

Nay, do not think I flatter thee.

Shakspeare. Ibid.

FAME, tir'd of the portraits which Falsehood supplied,
Solicited one from the pencil of Truth;
Lo! it shines on her tablets, her glory and pride,
In characters bright as the visions of youth!
And who is the subject she chose to display?
Oh! one with a temper the sweetest on earth;
Whose mind nobly scorning what pride would essay,
Is the richest emporium of talent and worth.

On his soul is the signet of Virtue impress'd;
A signet too sacred for Vice to destroy!
The tend'rest of feelings are found in his breast,
And the fire which to woe gives the sunshine of joy.
Escap'd from assurance, that folly accurst,
The timid dove, Modesty, hides in his heart;
And dear are the offspring she fondly hath nurst—
The offspring of Nature untainted by Art!
Every action is graceful, spontaneous, and free,
His performances wrought on an elegant plan;—
And whose can such merit, such excellence be?
Oh! sweet is the answer, for—"Thou ART THE MAN!"
Scion.

THE RINGLET.

My cheek was pale with love—my eye was wet, When, in that moment which beheld us part, I ask'd of thee a single lock of jet— As tho' that lock could bind my breaking heart.

And thou didst gather from thy breast of snow, Two ringlets that had slept, unbidden, there; And one was fated, since it trespass'd so, With me love's lonely banishment to share.

Perhaps I ne'er may see thee more, sweet maid!
Yet, though I live to weep and love in vain,
That ringlet oft, beneath my pillow laid,
Shall link, in dreams, our sever'd hearts again.

Camden Town, December 18th, 1817.

H. A. D.

SONG.

YEST'E'EN I met her on the moor, A sonsie lass I ween, Her cheeks were flush'd wi' crimson o'er, An' lo'e smil'd in her e'en. Sae soft, sae sweet her lovely mou,
'Twad shame the gowan flow'r,
An' arched was her bonnie brow,
Beyond the pencil's pow'r.

'Twas melody itself to hear The words fa' frae her tongue, That angels in their azure sphere Wi' listning rapture hung!

I glow'd to be some happy swain,
Alane by the burn side.
An' Mary woo on ilka plain,
Sae meet an' fair a bride.
2nd. January, 1818.

HATT.

SOLUTION

TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

THE letter H, beyond all doubt, Will make your last Enigma out, And sure no letter old or young Was ever yet so nobly sung;* And yet no letter's claim is worse To praise in prose, or praise in verse; For H, to speak the honest truth, Is but a vagabond in sooth; And like some prating, meddling elf, That knows of all things but himself, Or like some busy chattering jay, Some village gossip of the day, Is ever gadding out, or would be, And least is found where most it should be. To wit-Belinda has a face Will make your pulses run a race; But, talk of soldiers, and at once Perhaps you'll hear the pretty dunce,

^{*} It is said the Enigma was written by Lord Byron.

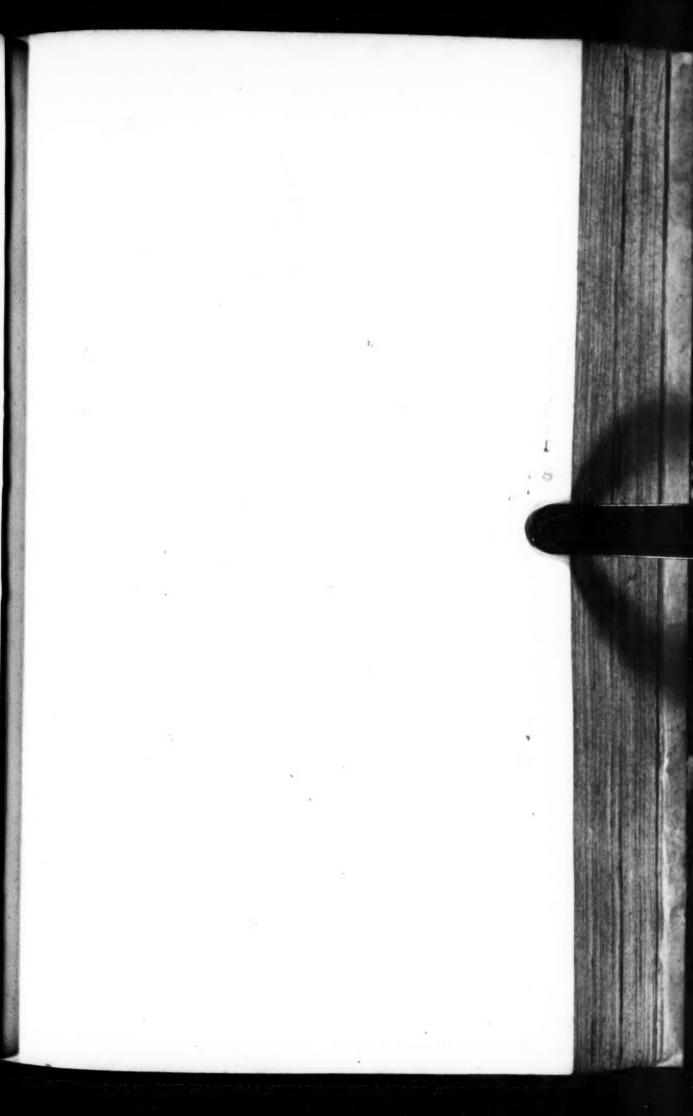
Of hall the living men, protest She loves a hofficer the best. " Lau!" cries the sister at her side, " I never could those men abide; They are such hapes-so hapt to roam-Give me the man that loves his 'ome, For let me tell you, like a mouse, A good man keeps within the 'ouse." " Hol.! for a lock of that sweet 'air!" Says simpering Jemmy to his fair-"No curls I'm sure were hever spread So hexquisite on hany 'ead; The lovely hazure of your heye Is like the summer's horient sky, And never will this world have charms Till I'm hencircled in your harms!"-Thus could I on from rhyme to rhyme, But you've no patience, I've no time; And, since the subject's but a letter, Perhaps the sooner clos'd the better.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L——'s communication is received, but we consider it more adapted for private than public circulation. To the generality of our readers, it could only prove uninteresting, as they are not made acquainted with the name of the author to whom it is addressed; and, if they were, we fear, like ourselves, they would not assent to the high panegyric thus bestowed upon his writings.

The Stanzas, by Mrs. M'Mullan, in our next.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a parcel from Mrs. Pilkington; but its contents have not yet been examined.





Brawn by J. Partridge.

Engraved by J. Thomson.

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Mary Ashford?

Fub. Murch 1.1818, by Dean & Munday, Threadnesdle Str.